

Extracts.

PATIENCE DOWN.
From the mill came Patience Dow;
She did not mind what she took;
And now she will all take now,
As fierce as in a captain's hawk.
Umaniful of her faded down,
She sat with folded hands all day.
Her long hair falling tangled down,
Her sad eyes gazing far away.
Where, past the field, a silver line,
She saw the distant river shine.
With such a long, long, herded alone,
One night she lay in a quieting low,
In such a still, desirous tone.
It seemed the east wind's sultry moon,
"Ah me! the days, they move so slow!
I care not if they're fair or foul;
They sleep alone—I know not how.
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"
One morning, vacant was her room;
And, in the clover wet with dew,
A narrow line of broken bloom
She had seen had been passing through;
And, falling on the ground,
Across a field of summer green,
Out where the thorn blanchers shed.
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,
Down which the cattle went to drink.
In summer, from the river's brink,
"The river!"—Hope with them sank;
The fatal thought that drew her there.
She had been, before, among the rank,
Which had been in the tank.
They found the shoe she used to wear,
And on it pinned a little note:
"Oh, blame me not!" it read, "for when
I once am free, my soul will float
To him! He cannot leave me then!
I know not if 'tis right or wrong—
I go free!—I care not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

SETTLING OUT OF COURT.
An old story comes to me on good authority from the Westminster County Court. It appears that a couple of laboring men had a dispute before the Court, and after hearing a portion of it, the learned judge suggested that it was a case that might be settled out of Court. He was about to adjourn for lunch, and in the meantime the parties and better, what they could do. They retired, and seeking as private a place as they could find, stripped and "set to" for several rounds in the good old P.R. style, believing they were obeying the injunction of the Judge to "settle" their dispute out of Court. On the Court resuming the parties reappeared, when His Honor enquired whether they had settled their difference. "Oh, yes, you honor," was the answer. "Why, you have been fighting, said the Judge, observing the ruffled appearance of the parties. "Yes, Sir, you told us to settle it," was the answer, "and we have had it out." "Dear me," said the Judge, "you completely misunderstood me. I feel as if I had been a party to a breach of the law. Go away now, and don't get any more disputes in that manner." His Honor's view of the case was right; but wouldn't a properly-appointed referee in the rear of the Court, for the accommodation of pugnacious suitors, often lead to the settlement of disputes in a manner consonant with the interests of justice?—South London Press.

ACTRESSES.

It would be difficult to say from what classes of society actresses are drawn. Nearly all contribute their quota. There are now upon the board in this city several who are ladies both by birth and position, who, by the way, are unanimous in declaring that had they known what was before them they would never have dreamed of going upon the stage. The large number, however, have risen from the middle class and lower ranks. The theatrical, no less than every other career, requires study. The more general knowledge an actress possesses the better, and the more likely she is to well interpret the characters given her for delineation. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage under which a lady labours when entering upon a theatrical life is the necessity it imposes of withdrawing from society. Manifestly it is impossible to attend rehearsals during the day and act every evening without renouncing all parties and social gatherings. Nor is the situation much altered when a play is enjoying a lengthy "run" and the rehearsals are dispensed with. No well-known actress can appear in public without attracting an unpleasant amount of notice and for this reason, as well as for the lack of time, they are rarely seen in the streets. Sunday is the only day unoccupied by work, and if one goes to church in the morning, she generally uses the remainder of the time for a much-needed rest.

A popular idea prevails, chiefly obtained from novels, that immediately upon the fall of the curtain, actresses proceed to some restaurant, where a most brilliant supper ensues, amid much consumption of wine and wit. At one time only was even an approximation to this correct. When the opera bouffe was in Pointe-aux-arts, where sometimes daylight would find the supper still continuing. But this was the result of a small portion of the chorus girls, the greater majority going home as is their usual custom. The practice was confined entirely to the opera bouffe company, and flourished only during the growth of that rare exotic. Men who would scorn an untruth, for some strange reason, feel themselves at liberty to repeat or magnify any statement provided they object to an actress. And very many profess that prosaicks are only too ready to give a place to whatever they hear concerning the theatre if it be sufficiently scandalous. On a moment's consideration, all these stories would seem *à priori* impossible. Disputation of any kind, whether it be the most evil of all courses, leading naturally to debauchery. It hardly needs much acquaintance with anatomy to learn that when a woman has been going through a violent muscular exercise for several hours, her sole desire is to rest as speedily as possible. Besides, to dance well the body must be in perfect condition—heathy and plump to the last degree. So far from dancers liking the day and its excitements, they retire to the country on each opportunity, as do twin sisters, as good as they are beautiful, now dancing, now tittering, to give it no worse designation. Dancing by many is supposed to be the most evil of all courses, leading naturally to debauchery.

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Another popular error is that of actresses' wealth. They are generally believed to be in receipt of enormous incomes, which they spend with scarcely commendable regularity,

lavishing its largest share upon the adornment of their persons.

Few of the salaries are sufficiently large to admit of any very liberal expenditure. In steam companies where the people are engaged by the season, they will range from thirty to eighty and occasionally one hundred dollars a week, though the latter figure is rarely reached, and the compensation to the former more common. Opera-singers ask and take whatever they can get, frequently, when the season has been disastrous to the manager, moderating their terms on the principle of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush of promises. It is impossible to give any scale of prices, since they are constantly changed, influenced about equally by the standing of the theatre, the state of its treasury and the reputation of the actress. Dancers fare a little better, though one may well doubt if they do not deserve reward for the toll they might undergo.

The figures

—those who merely stand about the stage—are valued at a dollar, a piece for each performance; the ballet ranges from \$18 to \$40 a week and the premier from \$75 to \$250 in gold per week. That these salaries do not allow of most luxurious living no argument is required to show. Several would appear large were it not for the thought that during much of the year the actors are compelled to be idle, while life must be maintained all the same.

Nearly all the actresses, with hardly more than two or three exceptions, live in the most refined, quiet manner possible. Renting rooms in some respectable, but unfashionable street, they there pass what hours are not devoted to the public.

As a class, actresses form the hardest working and, considering ability, one of the poorest paid of all. Likewise, as a class, they are industrious, patient, honest and good. Many who deem them would be surprised to know how frequently a whole family dependent upon the exertions of one woman, and in nearly all cases the burden is borne nobly, with no word of complaint.—New York Graphic.

IMPULSIVE PEOPLE.

No people are more to be pitied, and none more harshly judged, than those who are natural impulsive and limited means, a good heart, and that kind of instinctive unselfishness which never takes count of the difficulties of disagreeable standing in the way of kind actions—nor for others deserving consideration for themselves, and imagination going the same way. In their honest desire to help where help is needed, they are always offering more than they can give, and under-taking more than they can make good. Being people of a lively imagination, they sink the details in the result, and overlook the obstacles standing between them and the fulfilment of their generous desires. They fancy they can clear a mountain at a leap, and feel safe as if it were a millpond; but when they come to measure the height of those inaccessible-looking crags, when they see how the waves are breaking against their frail boat, they then have to draw back and say that the thing is beyond them. On which they are accused of half-heartedness, unreliability, unkindness; they are turncoats and deserters; men of words and not of deeds—whereof the latest stage is "sudden death, and death indeed!" They blow hot and cold, and are the rocks which, least on, break and pierce the hand of the leper. No one remembers how ardent and how true was the kindly impulse which placed goods and sacrifice at the feet of the one in need; how desire ran before power, and how "cannot" has been forced to wait upon "I would." Had the thing been possible, with only an ordinary amount of self-sacrifice, it would have been done; but when it came to the sacrifice it may be more than the thing was relatively worth, and, of more than the friend could afford, then the mere instinct of self-preservation, backed by dictates of common sense, stepped in. The offer, which was to give one a few hours' pleasure at the cost of days of damage and weeks of pinching of pressure to the other, is withdrawn—with infinite loss, the loss of the warmest strain of friendship, and the casting of scornful proverbs notwithstanding. And in general the withdrawal is the right thing.

It is impossible for some people to see or hear of distress in any form without longing to relieve it. And from longing to offering to relief. And from offering to offering to relief? "Let me sit up with him to-night?" Willingly. Your sitting up to-night will give me a good spell of rest to the tired watchers, and save the substitute standing reluctantly in the gap. Let us state, however, that the substitute is a stout and sturdy well-conditioned person who had the strength of a man, and can bear any amount of fatigue without failing; or may be a person of leisure, with nothing on earth to do but amuse himself and bury his hours with as much enjoyment and little enmity as is compatible with propriety. If she watches through the night she can sleep through the day, and by six o'clock next morning will be as little as a bird and as fresh as a daisy. You, on the contrary, are a frail, fatigued little woman with a large family and the affliction of neuralgia. Every hour of your day is occupied with work that can neither be delegated nor laid aside. You have your lessons to give, your article to write, your part to study, even your puddings to make and your children's mouths to feed generally. But you are a warm-hearted, impulsive little woman, worn-out about you, yet, and under great change one of your greatest which when searched for are not to be found within the compass of your small body. Your husband, who is not impulsive, and whose idea of masculine duty includes taking care of you, even against your will, laughs when you, and your Quixotic offer to sleep when he hears of it. He will have none of this folly, may be tranchingly, you have enough to do with your own affairs, and he will not suffer you to add your neighbour's load to your own. With your sick friend's household informed that you are now despatched, and that the well-conditioned substitute must take your place; that you cannot receive the children that you cannot do this or do that, as you had offered—when you came to consider it your strength was not sufficient, and your husband would not allow it. From that hour you have lost your standing among them, and are now despised with those who make grand professors, and then throw over the wretched dupes who trust to them, and at the eleventh hour back out of the agreement.

Nothing can be a more futile way of putting your life at risk, for though you may offer to bridle your strength, and for selflessness. The first was honest sympathy, and the second incapacity; and the sole fault you committed was letting your kindly impulse run away with your judgment, and your desire to be of use obscure your power of calculation.

These are kindly impulses dealing with insufficient working power, consequently always sharing the fate of Icarus and coming to the ground, because of defective "attachments."

And of the two, the people who offer and cannot fulfil, and the people who trust in them and are disappointed, we confess we pity the latter, at getting away from the island. At last they learned that on a certain day a steamer would sail for a port in the United States, and the Catalans agreed to put them on board. At 8 o'clock that night the favourite sentinel was on post, and they asked permission to take on airing. It was granted, and thirteen of them were allowed to pass out, under a promise to return by 10 o'clock, in time for roll call. As soon as they had found themselves in the street, each went to his home. Then, according to appointment, they met the Catalans in a coffee-house. He coaxed them in, parties of three and four at a time, to the steamer. When they were all on board he paid him what they had agreed upon, \$125 in copper coins. The Captain of the steamer then informed that as he was exposed to a fine of \$500 for every passenger found on board without a passport, he would have to charge them \$65 in gold pieces, and that they would have to promise to submit to any precautionary measure he should find it expedient. They were then taken to a room with many barrels of oranges, and a lot of tins of sardines. One poor refugee was too fat and could not squeeze himself into the barrel. The unfortunate had to give up, as the captain was afraid to carry him in any other way. On a moment's consideration, all these stories would seem *à priori* impossible. Disputation of any kind, whether it be the most evil of all courses, leading naturally to debauchery.

It is too expensive a luxury for those whose livelihood depends upon being always in good condition. Moreover, if one really public scandal's out, the proportion of actresses therein figuring the smallest possible. Ballet girls are the worst sufferers from this species of censure, talking to give it no worse designation. Dancing by many is supposed to be the most evil of all courses, leading naturally to debauchery.

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The Boston *Advertiser* fears the manner and note of the women in Ohio may make prayer contemptible in people's eyes.

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